

# THE DAYSPRING.

*"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."*

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## VACATION SPORTS.

IN our first picture you see Helen Brown. Her home is in the city, but she is spending her vacation in the country. She has learned in Sunday-school that shé ought to do good to others, and she does not forget this now that she is away. She often goes out into the fields and pastures to pick flowers, and these she sends to the Flower Mission in the city to be given to the sick and poor. How many sad hearts she is able to comfort by spending a little time and making a little effort in this way!

In our second picture you see the little Smiths. They are spending their vacation with their cousins, the little Joneses. They have splendid times every day. They go into the fields and woods and pick berries and flowers. They ride in the hay-cart. They go after the cows and drive them up to the barn to be milked. There is a small pond near the house and here they have the best fun of all. See how finely Charlie's new boat sails on this little pond, and how pleased he and his sister Mary and his Cousin Susie are to see it!

These children are not so old as Helen, but we hope that they will remember the Flower Mission and send flowers to it sometimes as she does.

For The Dayspring.

HESTER.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.



IMAGINE a tidy old colored woman, with features of genuine African type, but a glint and sparkle in her black eyes, and a genial smile lighting up the wrinkled face, and you have Aunt Hester, the good genius of our childhood, the best old auntie that ever wore a brown skin.

Hester was a character in her way. Most of her life she had belonged to a Southern family. But she had never seen the darker side of African servitude; she always spoke of her people with respect and affection.

" Bless yer heart! " she would say, " dey's always kind to me. Dey made me comfor'ble—always had 'nuff to eat and wear. Ley nussed me when I was sick. And sich a merry Christmas as we had, chillun! Laws! ye don't see sich goings on hare. De great tables, with eberyting ye can tink of to eat—roast beef and turkeys and chickens, pies and puddings and fruit. De presents for all de collured people! De music and de dance! My, but dey was gay times! "

Her master willed all his servants free. It was many years before Emancipation was proclaimed. She came North, and with the good domestic training she had received from her mistress, found it easy to get places.

Like Dinah, and many another old "auntie," Hester was in her element and her glory when she had " a big dinner " to get. She " jes' didn't want anybody round interferin' or helpin', and she'd have eberyting han'sum and no mistake. " And " madam, " nothing loth, would keep out



of the kitchen when she was in full sail, and let her have her way.

She had been married in the long-ago days, and had one son, Dick, a bright, spirited, rather wild boy, but affectionate and generous; as she said, "de worry and de blessin' ob her life."

He was a sailor; and, cheerful as Hester usually was, she used to sit late by the kitchen fire on stormy nights, listening to the roar and surge of the wind, and praying for her boy. Neither could write; so in the long intervals of his absence, she could get no tidings of him. And his coming home was always a great surprise; his leaving, a time of bitter sadness.

She had on her bureau a curious box, of some foreign wood, ornamented with shells. This was a present from him on his return from one of his voyages, and in it were other little gifts, kept with choicest care, and rarely taken out, — a silk scarf, an ivory fan, a bunch of Batavia rice, a specimen of mace, and coral, red and white.

She usually wore a plain dark dress, a wide checked apron, a bandanna turban, and a small plaid shawl folded around her shoulders and breast. On Sundays and holidays, with her best dress, she donned a white apron and handkerchief, or a gray cashmere shawl, a Christmas present of long-ago. She always had a plain dark merino dress; and was the proud and happy owner of one real black silk, which had been "madam's," and with the care she bestowed on it, bade fair to last for many a year.

At Christmas, at Dick's coming home, and other rare occasions, the cherished silk came out from the closet, and dignity rustled in its every fold, as she moved about with firm step and deliberate air. A Quaker bonnet of gray silk, and in winter a warm shawl, completed her street attire.

Always on Sunday afternoons, and often on week-days, when her morning's work was well out of the way, and herself as tidy as possible, she would go upstairs and rap at "madam's" door.

"Come in, Hester," was always the ready answer, in a welcoming tone. "What is it?"

"Only de ole woman want to court madam a little while."

And she would sit down and talk for ten or fifteen minutes, partly about the cooking or house-cleaning; often the children, unrolling a budget of their merry sayings and doings, which she had laid up to tell "mis-sus;" sometimes asking advice about a dress she wanted to buy, or making up winter flannels. But the talk, however it began, always drifted on to Dick, her boy! How long he had been away — when he would come home — whether he would always be a sailor — and, most of all, whether Dick would ever be a real, hearty, downright Christian.

"He's a kind-hearted boy as ever lived, and a worl' o' comfort to his ole mother, for all de pranks he was up to when he was younger. Many's the switching I've given him, and should be sorry for, if he didn't come home. But I want to know he loves his Savior, and then I could be content."

With kind and hopeful words, Mrs. Scofield would cheer the mother-heart, and Aunt Hester would go back to her own domain with fresh courage and trust.

Ah! children, the mother-love is a very tender thing, a great power in human hearts and lives. Never grieve it! The day will come that you will bless God for it, as for richest boon. And happy will it be for you, if, when the dear face is no longer seen, and the loving tones no more greet your listening ear, you have no vain

regret for words or ways that wounded the heart that loved you best.

To little children and animals, Aunt Hester was all kindness and patience. No merry mischief could anger her, no trouble for the little ones' sake dishearten her.

It was always a treat to the children to go down to the kitchen to see Hester, or have her come up to the nursery. A new doll or picture-book was never fully enjoyed till she had seen it. The old woman would sit by the hour, telling stories, or singing Southern melodies and Methodist hymns.

She seldom went out on a week-day without bringing home to the little girls some dainty, — a stick of pink and white mint candy, braided in three strands; an orange, or, perhaps most welcome, round cakes of molasses candy, filled with peanuts, and called in nursery parlance, "nig-gie-cake."

She used to buy it at the street-stands, of old colored women she knew, who made it at home. If their mother said, "You don't need to spend your money so, Hester, for those children," she would seem almost hurt, and reply, "Why, madam, honey, it's more pleasure to me than to them; what's a penny or two to pleasing de chillun?"

And Mrs. Scofield wisely decided to let her have her way.

What a nurse she was! When the children were sick it was old Hester's voice that first sounded a note of warning. "We mus' take care ob dat chile, missus, or she won't be here long."

It was Hester who kept the kitchen-fire all night, had the kettle of boiling water, the hot poultices, the goose-oil, all ready at the earliest need; who warmed blankets and soap-stone; whose eye and ear and hand were ever alert and helpful.

At last, after years of patient, prayerful waiting, there came a great joy into Hes-

ter's heart. One Christmas Eve Mrs. Scofield was startled by a wild cry. She hurried down stairs, and there was the poor old woman, shaking like a poplar-leaf, crying and laughing by turns, in the arms of her sailor-boy. Mrs. Scofield wondered at this great excitement. Dick's coming was always without previous notice.

"O madam, honey," exclaimed Hester, with tears streaming down her brown cheeks, — "my boy! It's my boy! And he's not going to sea any more. He's a Christian, too, missus — bless de Lord! Dat I should live to see dis day!"

That was a joyful Christmas to Aunt Hester, — a new era in her life. She seemed to grow young again with the great happiness; but when Dick proposed hiring two or three rooms, going out to day-work, and having his mother keep house for him, Aunt Hester fairly bristled with indignation.

"Jes' go 'long, Dick! None o' sich nonsense! I 'clar, I've as good a min' ter cuff ye as ever I had. Time 'nuff for dat when I'm old." (Auntie was close upon seventy.) 'Spose I'd leave missus, kind as she's been to me? Who'd she ever get to suit her in her cookin'? Answer me dat if you ken; and who'd lock up de house, nights, I'd like to know? Mr. Scofield's not wuth a cent to lock up; he's always forgettin' a shutter or a bolt or suthin. 'Auntie,' he says, 'I 'pend on you to see de house is all right, and de fire kivered,' says he, and well he may; he never 'members more'n a broomstick, and missus a'nt much behind him for forgettin' eider, if de truth's told; she gets a readin' or a sewin' or playin' pianny, or she's off to a party. She don't know 'bout de house or de fire. She minds 'bout de chillun, — I own dat, — but, says she, 'Laws, Aunt Hester, dey're safer wid you dan wid me.' Jes' hear dat now!"



So Hester stayed on, and Dick obtained a good place as coachman, not too far off to see his mother very often.

"Bime by, Dick," said she, "bime by, boy, when I grow old, and past airnin' my wages, I'll go and live with you."

By the time the work had really become hard for Hester, there were other changes. Mr. Scofield's health failed; and the doctor advised him to give up his business, and move into the country. Mrs. Scofield's heart turned longingly to the home of her girlhood, in a beautiful town of Massachusetts, nearly three hundred miles away. Her father was still living, and all her summers had been passed there since her marriage. The children were delighted with the idea of living in the country. There was regret, to be sure, at leaving the old home; it was hard to say good-by to friends and playmates, and long-trying, trusty servants.

Aunt Hester was snugly settled with her son. "Madam" gave her a carpet for her room, bed, and furniture, and open stove; as Hester said, "fixed her out as chirk as a cricket."

As she could not write, Mrs. Scofield asked a lady friend to see her sometimes, and mention in her letters how she was getting along.

This request was cheerfully complied with, and word came, now and then, that Hester was well and comfortable; that Dick proved a good son, and his wife was kind.

Five years passed.

One bright afternoon in early summer the stage that conveyed passengers to and from the station, nearly two miles distant, drove up to the door, and out stepped a tidy old lady—for lady she was, in nicety and quiet manner—clad in a gray dress, gray shawl, and gray silk bonnet. Such a shout

of delight the children raised! It was Hester herself!

Though close upon eighty years, she had taken this journey of nearly three hundred miles alone, and through difficulties such as would not exist now.

At that time there was bitter prejudice in the New England States against color. In the "City of Brotherly Love," as it is sometimes called, she had seen and felt nothing of this. Colored people there were in demand as servants. They were usually very capable, good-natured, and strongly attached to the families with whom they lived, making the family interest their own. Many people preferred them to all others for domestic service. There were many of them in Philadelphia, and everywhere they were treated with kindness and respect.

Hester had always belonged to the better class of working-people, and had a strong feeling of family dignity and character. She bought, from her hard-earned savings, first-class tickets. As far as New York she met with no rudeness, no discomfort, except the weariness of travelling. But judge of her surprise and distress, when, on leaving the boat at Norwich, though her first-class ticket was in her hand and paid for, she was rudely ordered out of the car, and into the second-class. And in the fright and crowd and confusion, she slipped, getting on or off the train, and bruised one limb severely.

The poor old woman could not keep back her tears when she told her "missus."

"O madam, I was so frightened! Such rude, dirty men as went in second-class. They talked so loud, and tole rough stories, and sang and swore. My! it seemed as if my ole head would split. I'd paid my ticket. I said nuthin' to nobody. I jes' wanted to be still—didn't see what harm

I'd do in first-class car. But no, dey wouldn't let me. Ole collured woman must go out.

"Dar in de secon'-class, dey laughed at my Quaker bonnet; dey ask whar dat ole woman cum from — whar she goin'. One man chirked me under de chin, and says he, 'Look up hare, ole woman! Let's see ye!' My! I was dat scared I t'ought I should faint. Den another man cum 'long, and he see I was 'most bustin' out cryin', and he says, 'Let her 'lone, will ye?' and 'Shame on ye,' says he. And he says to me, kind-like, 'Well, grandma, whar ye goin'? Can I help ye any way?' And I t'anked him kindly, and tole him he had helped me, sendin' off t'other one; an' I said 'I'm goin' ter see my ole missus, dat was always good ter me;' an' he ask whar she live, an' I tell him; and I say she used to live in Philadelpy; an' I cum from dar to see her and de dear chillun. An' he ask had I ever been dar? An' I said no; an' he sort o' opened his eyes wide, and looked queer, an' den he whistled, an' says he, 'You don't know jes' whar she lives, only the town she lives in; an' you haven't heard from her for a long time. How d'ye 'spect ter fin' yer missus, my good woman?' 'O I 'spect to use my tongue,' I tell him. An' he laughs, and says, 'Well, you've clar grit in plenty, and I hope you'll fin' her.' An' I 'clar, when de cars stop at de right station, he cum and put his han' on my arm, and says, 'Here's de place, grandma; I'll help ye. Be careful now!' And he did help me, and handed me my bag, and says, 'Good-by,' quite hearty.

"So den I looked 'roun', an' kep' my eyes open, and putty soon I foun' de man dat was goin' ter drive de coach, an' I ask him does he know where Mrs. Scofield live. 'De ole Kittredge Place, I b'lieve dey call it,' I say; an' he stare at me, an'

says, 'Yes, I know whar dat is, well 'nuff, an' she lives dar,' but what do *you* want o' *her*, ole woman?' Well, I t'ought I'd seen more civil folks whar I cum from; but I jes' says, 'She's my ole missus, an' I'm goin' ter see her.' So he let me get in, as well as I could by myself — it was mighty hard a-climbing up wid my hurt leg — an' de hosses started off, an hare I cum. Mighty glad I was to get out o' dat ar ole lumberin' coach; an' ter see de dear chillun, and madam — bless de good Lord!"

Poor old Hester! She had the desire of her heart, once more to see the friends she so dearly loved. She was made welcome, and provided with every comfort; even the "red harrin's" she liked so much. Very patiently she bore the pain of her bruised limb, even dressing it herself, lest she should be troublesome to others.

She would sit, evenings, with one little girl on each side, singing her sweet old Methodist hymns and telling stories of her childhood.

"Sweet fields arrayed in living green,  
And rivers of delight,"

that she used to sing about, — she has found them, dear old auntie!

It was not long before she went on another journey, — one untroubled by rudeness or slight. God's angels were not above taking her by the hand, and leading her "up the shining stair," home to the mansions of the Father's house.

In his youth Schiller learned to play upon the harp. A neighbor, who disliked it, once said to him, "Herr Schiller, you play like David, only not so finely." — "And you," quickly replied Schiller, "speak like Solomon, only not so wisely."

THERE is no charity in helping a man who will not help himself.



For The Dayspring.

# ALPHABET OF NATURAL HISTORY.

L.

THE leader of the Liquids — L—

Two rival claimants brings:  
The one's a silent little bug,  
The other hoarsely sings.

The one is gentle in her ways,  
The other fierce and grim;  
The children are in love with her,  
Whole armies shrink from him.

The *Locust* and the *Lady-bird*,  
You'll say, a curious pair;  
A couple only seen in verse,  
And very seldom there.

"Fly homeward, little *Lady-bird*!"  
The children sing, "Fly home!"  
Your house is all on fire there,  
And your little ones will roam."

What makes them think of fire, I guess,  
Is that her back is red;  
But where her house and home may be,  
I never heard it said.

'Twas odd to call a bug a bird;  
In this case, it may be,  
The names of lady and of bug,  
They thought would ill agree.

But here I leave the *Lady-bird*;  
The *Locust* was the one  
Of which I chiefly meant to tell,  
When I this rhyme begun.

The locust-clouds oft spread a gloom  
Like night o'er Eastern lands,  
Destructive as the hot simoom  
That sweeps o'er Libyan sands.

Through Egypt once their armies swarmed,  
By heaven in warning sent;  
King Pharaoh's palace-gates they stormed  
To make his heart relent.

'Twas almost the last plague and worst;  
It scared the monarch so,  
He, trembling, gave the word at first  
To let the people go.

Well might he quake; where'er they pass  
Is heard a crackling sound  
As of a fire, and bare of grass  
Is all the blackened ground.

So densely packed their column goes,  
No birds of prey most fierce,  
No swoop of vultures, kites, or crows,  
Their solid ranks can pierce.

And when they've gorged themselves and die,  
For fifty miles, 'tis said,  
Three feet in depth they sometimes lie,  
A solid mass of dead.

Then people come with sacks, and fill  
And carry them away,  
And locusts feed the people still  
In Eastern lands to-day.

So John the Baptist, we have read,  
When in his wild retreat,  
On locusts and wild honey fed,—  
His penitential meat.

Thus out of evil, in God's plan,  
There always comes some good:  
Locusts that, living, plunder man,  
When dead provide him food.

C. T. B.

## HAVE A PURPOSE.

A WRITER in the *Milwaukee Sentinel* says that when he was a student in Edinburgh, Carlyle once asked him what he was studying for. He replied that he had not quite made up his mind. The old Scotch philosopher's glance was stern as he replied, "The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder; a waif, a nothing, a no man. Have a purpose in life, if it is only to kill and divide and sell oxen well, but have a purpose; and having it, throw such strength of mind and muscle into your work as God has given you."

SABBATHS are quiet islands on the tossing sea of life.

## THE GREAT COMET OF 1881.

ON the 22d of June a comet appeared in the northeast in the early morning. It was seen by observers in many portions of this country, and also in Paris and London. The news was quickly telegraphed in all directions, and an intense interest has been aroused in the unexpected visitor.

No comet so superb in appearance, so vast in dimensions, has been seen for more than twenty years. It is a perfect comet, consisting of nucleus, coma, and tail. The nucleus, or bright portion of the head, was when first seen as large as Venus when brightest. This is surrounded by a mist called the coma, or hair, the name comet meaning a hairy star. From the head the tail sweeps into space with its soft, silvery light, fan-shaped outline, and unsubstantial and shadowy form.

It is a very large comet, the nucleus being a thousand miles in diameter, the coma twelve thousand, and the tail at least four million miles in length. It is moving northward at the rate of five degrees a day, and is now so near the pole that it does not dip below the horizon as it did at first, but can be seen throughout the night from soon after sunset to sunrise.

Science has made rapid progress during the last twenty years, and never was a comet so closely studied. The observatories are hard at work mapping its path and noting its changes. It has been photographed, — a feat never accomplished before. It is being carefully scanned in the telescope, and the spectroscope has proved that it shines by its own, and not by reflected, light.

It is not necessary to be an astronomer to enjoy the beautiful picture it presents. The time for the best view of its majesty and grandeur is in the small hours of the morning when it looms up against the black-

ness of the sky in awe-inspiring proportions, its tail slightly curved to the northwest, and its luminous tip pointing towards the polar star.

The comet is evidently moving from the earth, for its size is perceptibly diminishing. It is not improbable, though not fully established, that it is the comet of 1807 returning again to our skies. — *Youth's Companion*.

## BIG WORDS.

THE *right* use of long, hard words doesn't really prove one wise; while a *wrong* use of them, by either big or little folks, is laughable, especially when they ought to know better. We once heard a grown man talk about *circular* newspapers, meaning *secular*; and another said *consecrated* lye for *concentrated*. It was just as funny, but not so bad, either, when little Tommy came home, saying, "Charlie has *permitted* his part of the dialogue," and when Ella asked her papa if he had taken *preserved* seats at the lecture. Perhaps she had never heard of the little girl who, learning from the dictionary that "preserve" meant "pickle," wrote her cousin, "May you be pickled until we meet again!" The other day Susie wanted some guinea-pearl buttons for her new dress; and she went to all the stores in town, inquiring for *giddy* buttons, but, of course, found none. Young people should be trying to learn new words daily; but let me whisper in your ears that, instead of learning by such mistakes, always find out the meaning of new words before using them. — *Our Morning Guide*.

A SCHOOLBOY, being asked by a rival on the street which was the highest study in his school, replied, with a stare of pity and surprise, "Why, astronomy, of course."






For the Dayspring.

### THREE BIRTHDAYS.

BY ELLEN T. LEONARD.

“OOD NIGHT! Come around often, boys.”

“Yes, we will, and I'll bring some of those plain cards, as soon as you get a good start at running your machine.”

“So will I. Good night.”

“All right. I'll do the best I can,” answered Clarence, as he closed the gate with a snap and ran hastily up the steps into the sitting-room, where his mother and sister Clara were talking cheerily over a pile of books, and getting to work at the weekly mending, for Clara was learning to do some of her own sewing.

“Have Sue and Mary gone?” he inquired, looking quickly round the room.

“Yes, they went across by the side gate a few minutes ago,” said Clara.

“Well,” cried Clarence, with impetuous earnestness, as he dropped into a chair, “it's the jolliest birthday I ever had, and I thank you both, more than I can ever tell, for all you have done to make it so.”

“Not more than you can *ever* tell, dear child,” said his mother; “for it is actions that speak louder than words, and it is by the use you make of to-day's gift that I expect to learn how truly you are thankful for its possession.”

“Then time shall truly prove my thanks. It must have taken extra work, I am afraid, and doing without some of your own comfort to have bought such a first-rate printing press for me. I shall not forget it mother. I've wanted it so long!” and with a step which seemed to have grown more manly since morning, he went to his mother's side and sealed his promise with a grateful kiss. “You, too, sisterchen,”

he continued, giving her also a hearty boyish salute. “You did the little hostess fit for a queen to-day, and we all showed you how good your biscuits and cookies were by the way we ate them. Actions spoke well in that case, I should say. I hope it has been as happy a birthday for you as for me, and that you will get as much good from the books mother gave you as I shall from my press.”

“I mean to try, as surely as you do,” she answered. “I feel quite as if I were getting into my teens now that we are twelve years old. Perhaps boys don't think as much of being in their teens as girls do.”

“I don't care much where I am till I'm twenty-one,” he replied sturdily, standing up very straight for a march across the room; “then I shall be my own man. A! I care about the teens is, using them to put me ahead for that time. But I shall be mother's man too, then, and I mean she shall not have to work so hard as now.”

“Thank you. I shall be very glad, no doubt, to take it easier then, for I shall be older and probably need it more. It is a blessed thing I am well now; if I were not, it would go harder for you children.”

Clarence and Clara were twin brother and sister, and you could not but notice the friendly companionship that existed between them and their mother if you had looked into the plain little sitting-room that evening and had seen the quiet industry with which one sewed, another drew up his new treasure and began learning how to arrange his type, while the mother, half sewing and half reading, was giving a sort of preparatory account of the contents of one of the new books.

“To-morrow night,” she said, “we will take our usual hour at reading aloud, and you can begin with this book. To-night you are too unsettled from your little



company of young folks, and the excitement of the day."

These three were all there were of the family, for the father had died about two years before, leaving them with the house and garden, together with a very small income, which it was necessary to make go as far as possible and add to in every way that the mother's strength and opportunity would allow. They lived about a mile from a flourishing little town in the country. A few days later, when walking from school, Clara passed the edge of a small wood which grew a short distance from the street, and she thought, "It must be I'll find the winter-green berries there now. I've hardly hunted for them this spring;" and climbing the fence she was soon among the bushes and mosses.

She was not disappointed. There were so many more than she could stop to pick that she had to turn and run, when both hands were full. She couldn't keep the thought of them out of her head as she hurried home. They were so much bigger and more plenty this year than usual. A plan began to form itself in her mind, which had taken definite shape by the time she reached home. She ran into her brother's room, eager and glowing, to talk it over with him. He was hard at work over his printing, but heard her coming and called out, "Where have you been, my sister twin?" which was a favorite salutation of his. "I need not ask that if I look at your handfuls," he added, as she held up her bunches of shiny green leaves and red berries.

"Just see what big ones!" she cried. "And, Clare, they are as thick as they can be. I never saw them so thick and so big. I mean to do something with them."

"Eat them, to be sure! That's a good thing to do with them, and I'll help."

"This bunch is mother's. You can begin on the other while I take them to her. But that isn't all I meant!"

"I wonder what she's got into her head," mused Clarence to himself. "Shouldn't wonder if she had been racking her brain the same way I have these last few days. Somehow we always do keep along together, if she is a girl."

Back came Clara, this time without her hat, and curled up in the window seat to watch the type-setting and have a talk.

"I've been thinking, ever since our birthday," she began, "that I did wish we could make mamma's next birthday as much nicer than any before it as she did our last one. I want to earn some money myself, and get her a present,—something better than we ever have given her when we just made it ourselves."

Clarence looked up from his work with a quick smile.

"It's a pretty nice thing to have a sister that's always up and ready," said he, with a blunt praise that never failed to bring a flush of delight to Clara's cheeks.

"You've been thinking the same thing, I do believe," she cried gayly.

"Yes. That's it exactly. I didn't like to say anything to you because it isn't just the thing for girls to earn money. I think that business is for men and boys, although mother says it is just as honorable for girls and women. But I knew you'd be as eager to do something as I. It will be quite a while before I can make anything at my printing press. To-day I had a bright idea from something I heard down by the railroad station about the folks wishing they could get their papers without always coming to town for them. I mean to make a start as paper-carrier round town, and out here for all these

neighbors west of town. I went to the stationer's to-day and talked it over with the newspaper man, and he says he is sure I can do a good business if I will tend right to it regularly. Of course I shall. I don't back out when I begin!"

"That's a great deal better than my plan, and surer too," said Clara heartily. "But I shall try mine if it isn't as good."

"What is yours? I don't see what you can do."

"It will not last as long as yours, but perhaps I'll find another way when this is done. You know the through trains stop at our station for wood and water, and that gives time for going through the cars safely. I can pick and sell bunches of these winter-green berries as long as they last. I remember seeing a little girl sell them on the cars when we went to see grandma three years ago."

Clarence looked sober. "I'm afraid I don't like that idea much, sisterchen."

"There really isn't anything very bad about it, after all, though it isn't as good a way as yours. I don't see anything else I can do; and perhaps if I begin with this, there will something better come in my head afterward. We will have to tell mother about it, and if she is willing I shall surely try."

Just then came the call to supper, and in the evening, after their reading, the children opened their plans for family council, only keeping back the use they wished to make of their money when earned.

Their mother quickly saw that there was, underneath all these plans, a definite purpose in their minds, and though they had not confided it to her, she was sure it was a good and worthy one, by the genuine earnestness so evident in their faces. Clarence's plan was heartily approved, but with Clara's there was the motherly

anxiety as to the safety of getting off and on the train, and not taking any risk by delays.

"The conductor always goes into the station while the train stops and I shall keep watch for him. Besides, the bell rings a few seconds before they start, and the water is turned away, and the engine begins to hiss. I know all the signs, I've watched them so many times," pleaded Clara.

"There is one thing you can promise me," said mamma at last, "and then I shall feel safe. Never get on or off the train while it is the least bit in motion. You know how to keep your promise, and if you realize the need of this one, I will not fear to trust you."

Clara promised, and when fairly in bed, her lively brain would not let her sleep until all the arrangements of details in her business venture were completed. She would go to the morning train at 8.13, when, if she did not sell all her berries, as she dared not expect to do, she could take the rest to the 4.40 train after school. These two trips were all she could make out of school hours, and the trains always had a whole row of sleeping cars on them. She would pick and arrange her bunches the night before and start early in the morning. She would have ample time, after the train went on, to get to the school house before nine o'clock. Her brother's plans were not so complete that night when sleep overtook him, and indeed they had to be often rearranged and adjusted to suit the demands of his customers as time went on; but they proved quite as satisfactory as he had hoped, and that is saying much, either for the boy or the business, as young folks are apt to build their hopes far too high. I am not sure that we always outgrow the habit as we get older.



Clara hunted up a basket, and with a stock of pennies for change, began with only a few bunches of her wares the first morning. As she overcame her timidity, however, and grew accustomed to calling the attention of the passengers to her basketful, she soon added wild-flowers to her stock in trade. Then she made little baskets of white birch-bark and filled them with the berries picked from their stems. Sometimes she would have great success, but there were many days when only a few pennies found their way into her little purse and she would have to carry her basket away nearly as full as it came.

She had one adventure during her spring trade. This is how it came about. The train was late one morning, and they made, therefore, all speed with taking their wood and water aboard. Clara did not count upon this. Before she was half way through the next car to the last, the bell rang, and almost instantly the train began to push on. Hurrying to the door, she remembered quickly her promise to her mother, and reluctantly kept herself from swinging down the steps and jumping off. The motion of the train was then slow, and she knew she should have tried it were it not for the promise. All sorts of dreadful questions rushed upon her mind as she turned slowly back into the car and sat down on the seat in the corner by the door. Where would she be carried to? When would she ever get back again? What would they think at school because she didn't come? Then, too, people who rode on the cars had to pay their fare. She didn't believe she had money enough in her purse, and if she had it would take all she had earned that week. While she was thinking all this over the conductor came in. She looked so pathetic in her anxiety that he saw at once how it was, and said

with a laugh, as he busily went to punching tickets in the next seat, "So you got carried along, did you?" "Yes, sir;" and Clara did not quite see what there was to laugh about.

"I'll come back and tend to you in a minute," said he, and went on.

This comforted her till she saw him coming back, when she told him how it happened.

"I see, I see," he answered briskly. "We made quick work this morning to save time. You'll have to go on to Weston and get off and wait for the return accommodation. It is due there at 10.45, and will get you back at New Alton at 12.15. Be all ready to get off, for we make a short stop at Weston."

"Thank you, sir. Shall I pay my fare?" she found courage to ask.

He smiled down at her as he tipped his hat back and rubbed up his hair. "I think not, such a mite as you are," he said drolly, for Clara was small for her age.

"Let me give you a bunch of winter-greens," she said, now quite at ease with the dreaded conductor and beginning even to enjoy her adventure.

"Thank you; they taste just as they did when I was a youngster, I declare," said he, munching one of the stalks, leaves, berries, and all. "I haven't eaten any since I was about your size."

As he passed out of the car, banging the door after him, Clara looked from the window, thinking she might as well make the most of her ride. She did not have such a chance often. Now that she should get back in time for afternoon school, there was no need to worry.

On they flew, over bridges and through woods, now the slope running far below the track, then suddenly coming up even and rising far above, with rocky jutting

down the side where the cut had been made for the track. She hurried out as they reached the little station, and after strolling about awhile selected a quiet nook, where she could study her lessons and make up as well as possible, during her hour and a half of waiting, for her absence at school.

The train came in due time, and she was glad enough to step out at her own familiar station again and hurry to her place in the circle of merry girls who always ate lunch together. She had not been without her troubles to overcome among those girls, when she first undertook to sell berries on the train. Many of them had scoffed at her "peddler's basket," and turned up their noses at her little business project, as her brother had suggested might be the case.

But since she had mother's consent, and wanted so heartily to gain the object for which she worked, she convinced herself she need not care. She had always been a favorite among them before, and to-day there was no lack of interest on any of the faces that gathered around to hear her merry account of herself. She repeated it briefly to her teacher also, and thus excused her absence.

When at last the berries began to fail, she fell to wondering what work she could find to take the place of this. She said nothing, but tried to think it out by herself. One night at supper, when they had waited later than usual for Clarence to get home, and he came in heated with walking so fast, saying, "I must swallow my supper quick! It takes so long to distribute the papers I shall never get that next job of printing set up. You'll have to let me sit up later nights, mother, now I am twelve years old. Lots of the boys don't go to bed till half past nine or ten o'clock."

"There is no use in talking about it any more than we have, my boy," said his mother. "Now is your time for long nights of sleep while you are growing. There will always be work enough, but you will not always be growing. Do the thing that is needed most at the time in hand."

This gave Clara a chance, and she quickly offered to be her brother's assistant and distribute the papers in their own neighborhood, as that took the most time, the houses being further apart than in town. After some discussion matters were arranged, and she and her brother entered into partnership in the most satisfactory manner. As the fact of their now possessing several dollars apiece of their own earnings began to weigh upon the minds of the children, the object for which they were saving them came up oftener for discussion and decision.

"How shall we find out what to give mother for her birthday?" they asked each other.

"I want to buy her something for her clothing," said Clarence decidedly, "such as a new dress."

"We couldn't pick that out ourselves," objected Clara.

"No, I suppose not. I should just hand her the money and tell her what we wanted her to buy with it."

"I heard her say, when she bought my spring dress, she was very glad she was so well off herself for dresses, and should not have to trouble about that for another year. O Clare, I remember something last winter! She said she should be glad when she could afford to get a nice blanket shawl. I recollect I thought of my two dollar and a half gold-piece, which seemed to me a great deal, and asking her how much a shawl would cost. I think she said about twelve dollars."



"Yes, she does need one. Perhaps that will be the best thing to get. I shall have to put some of my money into getting new type. One or two more fonts and a month of practice will put me where I can do little jobs for Mr. Mason, where I get my papers. He says he'll give me work when I get so I can do it well. It won't be much at first, I suppose."

"There are two months more before mother's birthday. I have between four and five dollars now and shall have as much as six by that time. Suppose we each give six, and that will make enough for the shawl."

"Yes. I shall have a little left then to put into some new type."

I think there could not have been found two more thoroughly happy children than were Clarence and Clara when, on the morning of the long looked for day, they sat down to breakfast and saw their mother turn her plate over and find a note underneath, written in Clara's neat handwriting, explaining their present, and enclosing the crisp bills in a separate envelope.

Certainly no mother could have been more glad and proud to wear a soft warm shawl, as the cold winter days came on, than this good mother was, whose children had so generously returned her own efforts for their happiness and comfort, and in so doing had formed a habit of self-reliance and industry that would last them all their lives.

A LEARNED writer says of books, "They are masters who instruct us without rods or ferules, without words or anger, without bread or money. If you approach them, they are not asleep; if you seek them, they do not hide; if you blunder, they do not scold; if you are ignorant, they do not laugh at you."

For the Dayspring.

## DINAH AND DAISY.

BY ELMER LYNNDE.

DINAH was a plain, homely doll, with a round black head, on which the wool stood up all over, and staring white eyes, and a large mouth, and a very flat nose.

She looked very thin and wretched, as though she did not eat enough. In fact, she had for a long time suffered from a rupture in one shoulder, out of which sawdust ran in a perfect stream whenever she was shaken. This seemed dreadful, but it did not make her scream, or roll her eyes, or even wink an eyelash. She bore it with the greatest patience, and little Elsie May praised her up every day enough to make her the vainest dolly that ever was.

"You are the nicest, bestest dolly, Dinah," she would say, "I ever did see. You don't ky, or sceam, or get into a tantum one bit. If Daisy would only do so too, but she does dive me so much tubble;" and little Elsie May would shake her curls and sigh over Daisy as if she were a dreadful trial.

Now Daisy was a beauty. She came over from Paris and was presented to Elsie May long after Dinah arrived. Daisy had soft, dark hair, and pretty blue eyes, and a mouth like a rosebud, but still there was a little pout to the upper lip that gave her rather a proud look Elsie May did not approve of.

But if any doll ever had a right to be vain Daisy certainly had, for she was lovely all the way down from her head to her little pink waxen feet.

But poor little Elsie May worried over Daisy's vanity so much that one evening, after saying her little prayer, she added, "Pease God take naughty Daisy and make her a good girl, just as good as Dinah."

## HUMOROUS.

A LADY tells the following story: "I had been out in Westchester County on a visit, and while there I found a kitten, which I brought home as a plaything for my two children. To prevent any dispute about the ownership of puss, I proposed, and it was agreed, that the head should be mine, the body should be the baby's, and Eddy the eldest, but three years, should be the sole proprietor of the long and beautiful tail. Eddy rather objected at first to this division, as putting him off with an extremely small share of the animal, but soon became reconciled to the division, and quite proud of his ownership in the graceful terminus of the kitten. One day soon after I heard poor puss making a dreadful mewing, and called out to Eddy, 'There, my son, you are hurting my part of the kitten: I heard her cry.' 'No, I didn't, mother; I trod on my part and your part hollered.'"

THE smartest Newfoundland dog yet discovered lives at Haverhill, Mass. He meets the newsboy at the gate every morning and carries his master's paper into the house: that is, he did so till the other day, when his master stopped taking the paper. The next morning the dog noticed the boy passing on the other side without leaving the newspaper, went over and took the whole bundle from him and carried them into the house.

A CORK paper publishes the following erratum: "The words printed 'pigs and cows' in Mr. Porker's letter on the land question, which appeared in yesterday's issue, should have read 'pros and cons.'"

AN inveterate wag, seeing a heavy door nearly off its hinges, in which condition of neglect it had been left for some time, observed that when it had fallen and killed some one, it would probably be hung.

## Puzzles.

## ENIGMA.

I am composed of 52 letters.  
 My 20, 1, 5 is not good.  
 My 32, 34, 28 is to gain.  
 My 39, 13, 36 is a domestic animal.  
 My 24, 3, 37, 42, 34 is another domestic animal.  
 My 25, 4, 20, 9, 17 is not gay.  
 My 22, 40, 35, 10, 12 is a seat.  
 My 24, 33, 7, 31, 2, 41 is a kind of fruit.  
 My 15, 30, 6, 27, 35, 23 is a girl's name.  
 My 11, 38, 6, 32, 21, 12 is one who sings.  
 My 14, 23, 16, 17, 8, 19, 26, 18, 41, 37 is that which tells the temperature.  
 My whole is a proverb.

## BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead to perfume and leave a piece of money.
2. Behead to delight and leave to hurt; behead again and leave a part of the body.
3. Behead a kind of grain and leave to make hot; behead again and leave what we all do.
4. Behead to destroy and leave a part of a vessel; behead again and leave a kind of tree.
5. Behead part of a carriage and leave part of the foot; behead again and leave a kind of fish.
6. Behead to live and leave a place for getting water; behead again and leave a part of a house.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JULY NUMBER.

## ENIGMA.

Blessed are the peacemakers.

## CHARADE.

Di-lap-i date-d.

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